THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

WOMEN'S SECTION

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

The Good Old Days of Merrie England

BY RAGGS

No. III

In previous chapters I have impressed upon you to the best of my ability the injustice and barbarousness of that English convict system which existed well into the nineteenth century—a system which, instead of reforming the prisoner, undoubtedly destroyed any spirituality in his make-up, made his reformation an impossibility, and made hardened, inhuman criminals of petty thieves and weaklings.

It was said in those days that Australia consisted of two classes of people: "Those who were in jail, and those who ought to be!"

Frank McCallum, afterwards known in Australia as the notorious brigand, "Captain Melville," was transported from England at the age of 18, for the horrible crime of stealing a potato pie from a cart in a street in Paisley, Scotland. As I have said before, a sentence of death or transportation was invariably the outcome in the case of such petty misdemeanors.

Young McCallum arrived at Port Puer, Tasmania, on the convict transport Minerva with 148 other prisoners. A boy of adventurous spirit, the humiliations and tortures to which he had been subjected on board the felon ship made him determined, at the risk of his life, to escape at the first opportunity. There are no records to show how he made his escape from the "chain gang," and found his way to Van Dieman's Land, where his lawless life as captain of a band of brigands showed how ruffianly a desperado may be evolved from a foolish boy in a few years—if the government uses the right tactics!

The story of "Captain Melville's" career comprises a series of robberies and hair-breadth escapes from the police. For many years he cleverly escaped the meshes of the law, altho there was a price of £1000 upon his head.

A Daring Escapade.

A tale is told of how "Captain Melville" once spent a musical evening, singing and playing with a family by the name of Keenam in Victoria. He walked in upon a family party, introduced himself charmingly to the ladies, and his gun belligerently to the men of the household, and suggested an evening of music. He was playing (and they said he played well) upon the piano, when a sergeant of police entered the room. The brigand drew his gun, gave a long, shrill whistle, which was answered by the whinny of his black mare, took a flying leap thru the window, and rode away with a laugh!

When Melville was finally betrayed to the police by a woman (was it for jealousy, or that £1,000, I wonder?), so many charges of highway robbery were preferred against him that he was sentenced to thirty-two years' imprisonment!

On board the prison ship Success (no longer a convict transport), "Melville," dragged out a tortured existence for many years—years in which he made innumerable futile attempts to escape.

When he was first placed on board the Success, "Melville," according to his own statement, was cruelly beaten by thirteen men, and for five days and six nights left in a dungeon two feet, six inches in width, food being placed just out of his reach by the inhuman brutes who thought to break his spirit.

When I saw this black hole on my visit to the convict ship, I could hardly credit the fact that men could crouch within it had kept their reason.

"Melville," however, never lost his courage, or his "nerve." He became possessed of inside information with regard to the conduct of the officers of the Success. He openly swore to publish it—and his fearless frankness was his undoing. He was found strangled in his cell.

The verdict of suicide was, at the time, generally believed to be a screen for his murderers.

Nothing is known of McCallum's wife and family, except that a daughter of his was sent home to "Merrie England" as a little girl, where she grew up and married a young curate who has since become one of the foremost of the English clergy. She is known and beloved for her humanity and good works—this daughter of the man who, as a boy, stole a potato pie (perhaps for a boyish prank, maybe because he was hungry), and was sent far across the seas "for England's good."

The Beginnings of Trade Unionism.

In May, 1912, in Tolpoddle, Dorsetshire, "Merrie England," there was erected a monument to the memory of the "Six Men of Dorset," who suffered as unjustly, if not as gladly, for men's rights in England, as the Pankhurstites are suffering in this day and generation for the rights of women.

As told by Arthur Henderson, M.P., leader of the Labor party in England, the story of these men is a striking commentary upon the strides made by organized labor in what is really little more than a generation.

In 1832 the great reform bill, after much agitation and "militancy," was passed, and the laborers of England found that the difficult qualification for the vote left them practically where they had been, politically, before it was passed.

The unjust treatment of the workingman by his employer could not, then, be bettered thru legislation.

The price of corn was high, and the farm masters proposed decreasing wages from seven shillings to six a week. This spelled starvation for men, women and children. Some of the laborers burned the farmers' corn in protest—others, the more thoughtful men of their class, entered quietly into consultation to discuss ways and means. These meetings annoyed the landowners. They decided that any idea of co-operation, upon the part of the laborers must be crushed. Placards, signed by magistrates (who were all landowners), were posted, threatening seven years' transportation to any man who should join a union.

Then, Feb. 24, 1834, the six men were arrested.

So innocent were they of wrong-doing that they gladly accompanied the constable to lay their case before the magistrate. Before they even appeared in the court of justice (?) they were stripped and searched, their heads were shorn, and they were locked up—these honest, industrious, God-fearing workingmen, whose only desire was to obtain better conditions of living for themselves and their neighbors!

The names of these men were George Loveless, James Loveless, Thomas Stanfield (all Wesleyan local preachers), James Hammond, John Stanfield, and James Brine.

A jury of landowners found these men guilty of conspiracy, and they were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

George Loveless, speaking for them all, said the court, "My lord, if we have violated any law, we have not done it intentionally. we have injured no man's reputation, character, person or property; we were uniting together to preserve ourselves, our wives and our children from utter degradation and starvation. We challenge any man, or any number of men, to prove that we have acted, or intend to act, different from the above statement."

An Example.

The judge, in pronouncing sentence, used these remarkable words: "Not for anything that you have done, or, as I can prove you intend to do, but as an example to others, I consider it my duty to pass the sentence of seven years' transportation across His Majesty's high seas upon each and every one of you."

George Loveless wrote these verses, and threw them to a friend in court:

"God is our guide! From field, from wave,
From plow, from anvil, and from loom,
We come our country's right to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom;
We raise the watchword Liberty,
We will, we will, we will be free!"

"God is our guide! No swords we draw.
We kindle not war's battle fires,
By wisdom, union, justice, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires;
We raise the watchword Liberty,
We will, we will, we will be free!"

I have told and retold the horrors of the felon fleet—suffice it to say that these kindly men suffered the same tortures as their fellow-unfortunates, innocent and guilty, while a mighty uprising took place in England.

A procession of 50,000 workmen—it was seven miles in length—proceeded to the official residence of the prime minister, Lord Melbourne, and presented a petition, of over 266,000 signatures, demanding the release of the "Six men of Dorset."

England's government has ever succumbed to agitation, and to agitation alone. The government granted the six a free pardon (!) and even generously supplied passage back to England.

And, so, Jan. 30, 1837, the first "Laborites" sailed for "Merrie England," where they arrived the following June 13. They were received by the people as heroes and martyrs—and England haltingly took one step forward on the path of civilization.

(To Be Continued.)

Looking Around the Garden.

Ten Weeks' Stock: It is not too late to put in seedlings this season. You may yet have a few weeks of late fall bloom, especially if the plants are protected for the first frosts. November is a month so often entirely devoid of bloom, that it repays us to try and have a few flowers, especially if the season turns out mild, as it has done of late years, so frequently.

Often gardeners find all their fall flowers practically gone, long before fall is really here. Now is the time to prepare for this fall bloom.

Ten weeks' stock, I have found, improves greatly by being transplanted two or three times before bloom appears. My own stock has stood their third moving, and are going to give me some immense flowers. These great, heavy, fleshy stems must have proper support to help them thru their heavy season. Have you ever "hefted," as the farmer says, a single flowering stem of one of these plants? Well, do so! You will then understand the need. These velvety grey plants make a pleasing, soft bit of relief color wherever they are placed, either as a separate bed, or planted in a line behind or before other plants, or as single specimen plants. Give plenty of water. Cultivate around the roots.

Asters: So many planted their aster seedlings, bought from the local florist so early this spring, that many are even now in bloom; others will be in flower long before exhibition: and most of them will have gone to seed, just at the time when they should be in full flower.

Well! What is to be done?

While it is too late rather, to plant seed, yet one might try. For those whose stock shows signs of giving out, or, rather, seeding too early, plant special seed right away. As soon as they have the third leaf, transplant. Then, in order to hurry growth, it is simply a matter of daily watering and cultivation. Protect from the first sharp evenings, when the time draws near, and we may yet hope to have a mass of bloom to brighten the autumn days.

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NO OTHER WAY

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Man, are you crazy to talk about giving $20 for a hat? Anyhow, I'll go you my $20 to yours, hard cash."

"The winner to stand a dinner," put in Steingall.

Forbes considered the point. He regarded the money as being as nearly his as was possible in regard to the bet, and he could afford to be generous with a little detective's superfluous wealth.

"Done!" said he.

"Look here!" cried Steingall. "I want to be in this. Suppose our worthy friend makes out that he really is Claude Waverton, and convinces Forbes himself that he is telling the truth, who wins?"

"I do," claimed Forbes.

"Hardly. Both you and Clancy agree that he is a fraud. The point at variance between you is simply this—within a week he will own up or vanish?"

"Tell you what," said Clancy, "if he proves himself to be Claude Waverton, the bet is off, and you will stand the dinner!"

The three dined together many days later; but time alone could determine which would pay, and why.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Only Way.

Waverton and his inseparable companion, Rice, returned to Lake Champlain on Thursday evening, and both master and man sighed contentedly when each was installed in his own quarters. Rice had read the newspapers in the train; thus gathering almost as much information as if he had attended the inquest. Indeed, he was better able to weigh and analyze the evidence, since the New York papers had printed every word of it, and he had underlined a good many sentences with a pencil.

His sallow face flushed when he read the passage wherein Waverton had described himself as a "faithful and devoted servant and friend," and his eye often traveled back to that particular paragraph, even while he was pondering the curious argument between his master and the district attorney, or the question that led up to the encomium on himself.

"Failed to remember my name when they brought him to Asphodel House—now, I wonder who said that?" mused Rice, and when, as he fully expected, Waverton discussed the inquest with him on the morning after their return, he reverted to that somewhat significant statement.

"What did Mr. Traherne mean by it, sir?" he asked. "Who could have put him up to tell such a downright lie? You knew me well enough when I kem in—and that was the very first minute I could get past Mrs. Delamar. 'Hello, Rice!' says you, faint-like, but with a pleasant sort of smile that fair choked me up, it did. 'Good-morning, Mr. Claude,' says I. 'I hope you are feeling better this morning.' And 'Right as rain,' says you. Not know me, indeed! I wish I'd been in court when they told that whopper!"

"Don't blame the lawyer, Rice," said Waverton. "The question was suggested by Mrs. Delamar. Possibly, it was based on some silly thing I said while my wits were wool-gathering."

"If you had a lawyer there, sir, an' I'd happened to be sittin' near him, I'd have whispered a thing or two in his ear when Mrs. Delamar was in the box. If luck had gone ag'in you, Mr. Claude, an' you had died in Asphodel House, nobody would ever have set eyes again on the $25,000 you pulled in at Schwartz's place that night. Mrs. Delamar had your pocketbook stowed away, all right. I know that!"

"She was only displaying what is called an intelligent anticipation of future events, Rice," laughed the master, who, oddly enough, had laid a newspaper on the breakfast table folded in such a way that it was obvious he had been reading an article on "The Future of the Argentine as a Producer of Rubber."

"Ah she's a deep one," said the valet. "She would never have spoken up as she did if she didn't guess that the police were on her track. But pardon me, Mr. Claude,—wild hosses wouldn't pull it out of me only for your own private ear, so to speak,—you did buy that stuff at the drug store. I remember you bringin' it to Mrs. Delamar's house and sayin' to me when I found the little parcel on your dressing-table, 'Keep off of it Rice, unless you want to hop it mighty quick!' or words to that effect."

"Did I tell you what the parcel contained?"

"No, sir; but the druggist's name was on a label, an' a owrd like 'venom,' which is near enough to 'poison' to make one think a bit."

"Quite correct. Well, forget it, and let us try and forget, too, that such a person as Mrs. Delamar is allowed to live. By the way, in case of accident, just send a marked copy of one of the New York newspapers to Mrs. Waverton. Write, if you wish, and say that you fancy she might like to read a full report, which may not have appeared in the paper she sees every day."

During a quiet and uneventful weekend, life followed a placid course. On a couple of days rain fell heavily, and Waverton did not go out, but spent many hours among books that in other years he had never opened.

Owing to the bad weather, the automobile was not in requisition; yet time did not weigh heavily on the hands of Armand, the chauffeur, who had made the acquaintance of an affable Frenchman residing in Saginaw, a most cheery and entertaining person, who seemed to know the world like a gazetteer, and its chief inhabitants like the "Almanach de Gotha."

That same Frenchman, who spoke English marvelously well when it suited his purposes, quickly became the centre of an admiring circle at the local hotel, in which he had secured an apartment. He would sit there chatting by the hour, usually on the verandah, whence his quick eyes would note and ask questions about most people who passed.

On Saturday, a very wet day, Rice had some business in the little town, and strode up the road attired in a glistening mackintosh, leggings and cap, a costume which altered his appearance so completely that no one would ever guess he was a valet unless they were told.

Feeling that a glass of beer would keep the damp out of his system, he entered the hotel, and incidentally learned of the Frenchman's presence.

"Why, he was here a minute ago," said the proprietor. "I'd have liked you to meet him, Mr. Rice—he's a warrior, is Monsieur Brun."

Rice, by reason of his travels, was an authority on the French nation. As a whole, one gathered, he did not think much of it, tho there were exceptions, as everyone knew.

He finished his beer, and trudged forth refreshed. It would have been interesting to have learned his views if someone had told him that Clancy, of the New York Detective Bureau, had passed swiftly out of the bar the moment before he entered it.

That evening the young woman who attended to telegrams at Saginaw was somewhat puzzled by the text of a message handed in by the valued guest of the local hotel. The addressee was a word registered in New York; but the remainder was curiously simple, yet unmeaning, for it read:

The missing word was navaja.

She bent her brows in vain over the enigma, and might have been gratified had she known that Inspector Steingall, enthroned in his Centre street sanctum, was compelled to smoke the best part of a cigar before he remembered that Claude Waverton had hesitated, and finally balked altogether, over explaining the craft that enabled him to bring down the gallant-looking Tearle so neatly that day on the promenade at Narragansett Pier. It was the only "missing" he could think of in connection with the Waverton case, and even now "navaja" sounded more like one of Clancy's far-fetched jokes than a sober explanation of fact.

Once, however, Steingall had succeeded in locating the incident to which his colleague's telegram referred, his active brain could not dismiss it. He expected a letter from Clancy on Sunday, and was sure that the "Little Fellow" had despatched the telegram as an avant courrier merely to perplex the "Big Fellow." The letter now in the post would explain everything. Meanwhile, Steingall could not put that curious word out of his mind, and, in the long run, this is the line of reasoning he adopted:

Tirar la navaja, or "knife-throwing," is peculiarly a Mexican custom; a peculiarly unpleasant one, too, since an adept in the art can kill a man by this means at many yards' distance. The feat demands the nicest accuracy of hand and eye. If Waverton had acquired the requisite skill, he must have lived in Mexico; so Clancy had evidently ferreted out particulars of the man's earlier life. Oddly enough, on Steingall's desk at that moment law a letter from John Stratton Tearle, in which the writer informed the chief of the bureau that "owing to certain facts that have come to my knowledge recently," he would probably be able, within the next few days, to give some startling information "as to the past history of the person who claimed to be Claude G. Waverton."

Charles Scott had been in the Argentine six years, and Tearle had come back from Arizona, near the Mexican line, about the time Scott first entered Senor Santander's service.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Fashion Talks

BY MAY MANTON

FOR SUMMER MORNINGS.

THE simple becoming morning gown is the one for which every woman is on the outlook. Here is a pretty, attractive model that gives the fashionable lines. It is closed at the left of the front. It can be made with square neck or with round neck finished with a collar. The skirt is just a four gored one. As shown here, it is made from one of the mercerized cotton materials that are being so extensively worn and is trimmed with embroidered banding, but there is scarcely any simple summer fabric that could not be used. Gingham and linen are admirable and voile is pretty for such treatment. In fact, like many another design, this one can be adapted to afternoon needs if a slightly different treatment is used. We are wearing silks made in simple styles. Crêpe de chine with banding of heavy lace would make a very pretty gown for home afternoon wear or one of the French cotton crêpes would be attractive with trimming of eyelet embroidery.

For the medium size, the gown will require 7 yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of banding.

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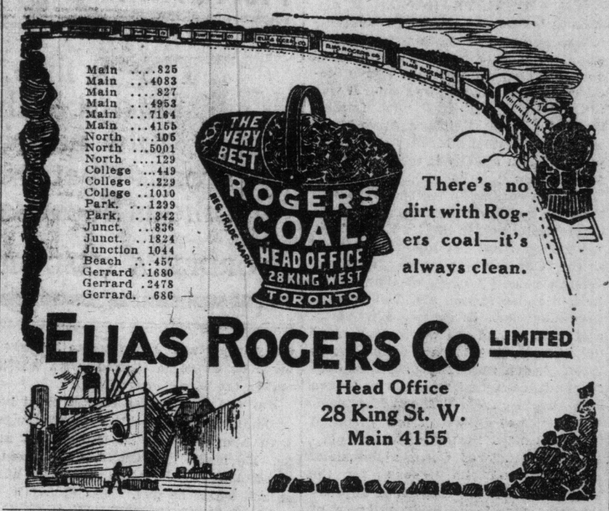

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THE TRIPLE TIE

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XVI.

August Herrmann, president of the Cincinnati National League Baseball Club, and chairman of the National Commission, the "supreme court of baseball," was the first of the magnates to make a determined effort to buy the release of Gordon Kelly from the Atlanta Club. He sought and obtained a personal conference with President Callaway of the Atlanta Club, and got right down to business. Without wasting words. He explained that in his capacity as president of the Cincinnati Club he had come to Atlanta to make an offer for Kelly's services; that he understood that previous offers had been of a more or less vague sort, and wound up by making a flat proposition to buy Kelly's release for $15,000 cash.

"But, Mr. Herrmann," expostulated Callaway, "the Atlanta Club does not want to dispose of Gordon Kelly. We all appreciate the significance of all you owners of the big clubs coming to Atlanta at this time, but we really don't care to talk business."

To this Herrmann replied:

"Speaking now as chairman of the National Commission, I would say that one of the fundamental rules of the commission is that a ball player must be allowed to improve his condition whenever the opportunity presents itself. The Southern League is hampered by a salary limit, while there is no limit to the salary a major league club may pay a player. There is nothing in the laws of the state or nation that can compel you to dispose of Kelly's services, but the Atlanta Club which could not exist as a financial proposition except for organized baseball, owes it to baseball that this player's services should be disposed of to some major league club. The Cincinnati Club may not be the successful bidder, but the facts remain the same."

"This puts the Atlanta Club in a very embarrassing position, Mr. Herrmann," returned Callaway, "and without accepting or rejecting your offer, I must call a meeting of our directors and take a vote on the matter."

An Offer of $25,000.

Before the directors could get together, however, several other magnates called on the Atlanta Club's president, or had him on the telephone, the result being that within half an hour an offer of $25,000 cash was made by one of them.

The directors of the club were in session a full hour, after which President Callaway announced that the Atlanta Club, while disposed to reject all offers, felt the necessity, aside from all financial considerations, of living up to the obligations of organized baseball and that, such being the case, they would sell Gordon Kelly's release to the best advantage of the stockholders of the club.

There was general rejoicing among the magnates over the declaration and corresponding gloom among the "fans" of Atlanta, who were promptly informed of the decision thru "extras" issued by the afternoon newspapers. The moguls were about to gird on their armor to renew the battle for Gordon Keily, when Callaway suggested that all business be put aside for the moment in order that all hands might attend the game at Ponce de Leon Park and see the player who had set the baseball world on fire.

It had been raining most of the night before and part of the morning. The afternoon was dark and murky and the conditions were very unfavorable for a ball game. What with the dreary, dun-colored clouds trailing their dim regiments overhead, the drearier rain soaking the field into a swamp and the ghoulish-looking players ranting around in the mud like a squad of Kinaffy's high kickers, the spectacle was anything but edifying to the assembled crowd. But any sort of a day was good enough to see Gordon Kelly play and there was a surprisingly large crowd on hand when the game began.

The game itself was not calculated to cause heart disease. Gordon Kelly had no opportunity to distinguish himself in the field. One very easy fly ball was all that came in his direction. At that, however, he knocked out two singles and a three-bagger, but attempted no base stealing, as the condition of the diamond made it dangerous.

Magnates Banqueted

That evening the visiting magnates were dined at the gorgeous Capital City Club by the directohs of the Atlanta Baseball Club. After the solids were disposed of, Hermann, of Cincinnati arose, and after apologizing for intruding business on pleasure, remarked that he, for one, must hurry back to his home on an urgent matter and suggested that the matter of Gordon Kelly be settled then and for all.

At that President Johnson of the American League called his club owners to a corner of the room and addressed a few earnest remarks to them. It quickly developed that the price already offered for Gordon Kelly was as high as most of them cared to go. It was something unprecedented in the history of baseball that a player who had been in the game only a few days should command such a figure, and many of the club presidents were already alarmed at the turn affairs had taken.

But there were three men who were not thru bidding, by any means. They were Comiskey of Chicago, the "Old Roman," who had made a fortune in baseball; McAleer of Boston, president of the champion Red Sox, and Farrell of New York, who had not made a fortune in baseball, but who was as game a man as ever lived. All three declared that as far as they were concerned, "the sky was the limit," when it came to bidding for Gordon Kelly.

"That being the case," declared Johnson, "you three men go into the next room and fight it out. All three clubs can't have the one player. I know you all well enough to know that none of you would stop bidding against each other. Go and settle the matter between you and then come back and let me know your decision."

The three men, Comiskey, McAleer and Farrell, retired. No one ever knew what transpired in the room to which they went. Whether they cut the cards, matched coins, shook dice or played a hand of pinochle for Gordon Kelly, has never been learned, but they were back in five minutes and whispered to Johnson, who nodded.

Bidding Active

In the meantime the National League magnates had opened negotiations with President Callaway, who smilingly sat in his chair at the head of the table and received the offers of the club presidents. There was no diplomacy, or finesse or secret negotiations. Everything had to be open and above board, like a public auction. The big league moguls had come to Atlanta to get Gordon Kelly. It is true each magnate, when he started, thought he would have a clear field all to himself. He did not suspect that rival club owners were also hurrying to the southern city for the same purpose. Meeting each other in Atlanta, and, in a way, forcing the Atlanta club to dispose of Gordon Kelly, there was nothing left for them to do but bid for the player openly. As for the directors of the Atlanta club, they, having promised to sell the player's release, it was simply their duty to obtain the best price they could for him. It was the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened in the purchasing of a ball player.

(To be Continued.)